MARVEL
"SIDESPLITTINGLY FUNNY." - GRAPHIC POLICY
DEADPOOL
BADDER BLOOD
ROB LIEFELD
CHAD BOWERS
JAY DAVID RAMOS

MARVEL COLLECTED EDITIONS

Deadpool: Bad Blood
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DEADPOOL

BADDER BLOOD

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DEADPOOL

Deadpool's had a lot of friends, enemies and frenemies causing him no end of difficulties over the years. Top of that list? **Miles Ellison**. Miles and Deadpool (back when he was regular old **Wade Wilson**) were BFFs in high school. But when Miles went looking for his old friend and tracked him to Department H, their Weapon Plus program turned the eager-to-be-like-his-hero Miles into their ultimate weapon: **Thumper**. Thumper's obsession with Deadpool caused his programming to malfunction--whatever assignment he was given, he reverted to hunting Deadpool. Having finally had their confrontation, Thumper escaped, seemingly free of this one-track mind. But now Deadpool feels responsible for whatever he does next...

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#1

Dramatis Personae
DEADPOOL.
THE MERC WITH A MOUTH. THE STAR OF OUR STORY. EVENTUALLY.
CABLE.
TIME SOLDIER. GUARDIAN OF THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.
WOLVERINE.
X-MAN. THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT HE DOES.
HEY, KIDS!
LISTEN, FULL DISCLOSURE: I'M OFF, NO DOUBT, DOING SOMETHING WORLD-CHANGING IN MY REGULAR MONTHLY AND WON'T SHOW UP TILL ABOUT HALFWAY THROUGH THIS ONE.
BUT WHEN I DO, HOOO BOY--HOLD ON TO YOUR $#%#@#% HATS!
Y'KNOW WHAT? FORGET THE HATS! THINK LOWER.
SEE YOU SOON!
CHUGACH MOUNTAINS.
VALDEZ, ALASKA.
PRESENT DAY.

THUMP
IS SOMEONE THERE?
CRASH
YOU?!

ABRIDGE.
B-BANNER.
GRADUATE.
OBSTACLE!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE OVERRIDE CODE!
Y-YOU MUST STAND DOWN, AGENT DAEDALUS!
NOT... DAEDALUS.
THUMPER.
MEIN GOTT.
SMASH
VAN STRUTTEN...YOU ONLY DELAY...THE INEVITABLE.
PLEASE, YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
I COULD FIX EVERYTHING IF YOU'LL JUST--
TING
TING
TING
TING

I'M GUESSING THAT'S OUR GUY?

CONSIDERIN' WHAT I'M ABOUT TO UNLOAD ON HIM--

--I SURE AS HELL HOPE SO.

SNIKT

SNIKT

TING TING TING

CLANG

CRIPES! WHAT'RE YOU MADE OF?

THAT ONE SHOULD'VE AT LEAST TAKEN A CHUNK OUT OF YER HELMET.

CONGRATS, BUB. YOU PASSED JUGGERNAUT 101.

LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO THE REST OF THE SEMESTER.

QUIT PLAYING WITH HIM, LOGAN!

PUT HIM ON THE GROUND ALREADY, AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WHO'S PLAYIN'?

DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE! THE HARDER I SWING, THE LESS DAMAGE I DO.

JUST LIKE WILSON TO TELL US EVERYTHING ABOUT THUMPER HERE, EVEN DOWN TO WHERE HE USED TO GET HIS BIKINI WAXED...

...BUT FORGETS TO MENTION ANYTHING ABOUT HIM BEING IMPERVIOUS TO ADAMANTIUM.

IT'S DAEDALUS' *ARMOR*. WE DESIGNED IT TO REPEL BULLETS AND LESSER METALS, BUT...

BUT NOT *ADAMANTIUM*. EVEN *WE* COULD NOT ACHIEVE THAT.

CHOOM

CHOOM

CHOOM

LOOKS LIKE HE WORKED IT OUT ALL BY HIMSELF.

LUCKY FOR US--

--I DON'T *JUST* USE BULLETS.

OUT OF THE WAY, LOGAN--

"--YOU'RE IN MY LINE OF FIRE!"
WHACK
HMMPH.
"IN MY LINE OF FIRE."
GEEZ. KID SOUNDS MORE N' MORE LIKE HIS OLD MAN CYCLOPS EVERY DAY.
NNNGGN.
ALL RIGHT, THUMPY...ROUND TWO!
THINK THOSE THREADS'RE GONNA KEEP ME FROM DOING WHAT I DO BEST, BUB?
BEEN AT THIS AWHILE. RUN INTO MORE CREEPS THAN I CAN COUNT WHO HAD SIMILAR GIMMICKS.
ALL OF 'EM THOUGHT THE SAME THING--THEY COULDN'T BE CUT!
WANNA GUESS WHAT THEY'VE GOT IN COMMON TODAY?
PROSTHETICS!
RAAAAAGH!
CLANG

LOGAN'S COMING UNHINGED. ON THE VERGE OF BERSERKER RAGE.
WOLVERINE!
ENOUGH'S ENOUGH! YOU'RE WASTING TIME, AND THERE'S NOTHING I HATE MORE.
WE'VE GOT VAN STRUTTEN! FALL BACK AND LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE--NOW!
VAN STRUTTEN... IS MINE.
MUST PAY...FOR HIS SINS.
HIM AND EVERYBODY ELSE, PAL...JUST NOT TODAY.
LET'S ROLL, NATE.
PROFESSOR, BODYSLIDE BY--
NO!!!
WILL NOT... BE DENIED... VENGEANCE.
BLOOD... ON HIS HANDS!

CHANGE OF PLANS, PROFESSOR--

LOAD IN TECH PACKAGE 2020. STARK, ARNO-- REPULSOR ARRAY MAX FORCE!

YOU DIDN'T WANNA LEAD WITH THAT?

SHUT UP.

BODYSLIDE BY THREE, PROFESSOR--

GAAAAK

ONE OF CABLE'S MANY SAFE HOUSES ACROSS THE GLOBE.
EXACT LOCATION CLASSIFIED.
HOURS LATER.
LIKE, HOURS.
FELLAS!!!
OKAY, DON'T BE MAD! I KNOW I'M A LITTLE LATE, BUT THERE'S A GOOD REASON!
A "LITTLE"?
HOW ABOUT EXTRAORDINARILY.
UGH. ALWAYS EX SOMETHING WITH YOU TWO, ISN'T IT? FINE, THEN LET ME EXPLAIN WHY I WAS LATE.
SEE, LAST NIGHT, THIS HOT TIP ABOUT DOCTOR VAN STRUTTEN'S WHEREABOUTS LANDED RIGHT IN MY LAP--
YOUR FRIENDS SAVED MY LIFE, WADE.
IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO UNDO ALL THEIR HARD WORK, JA?
GUTEN TAG, WADE.
...
OH. YOU ALREADY FOUND HIM.
AND BROUGHT HIM BACK HERE FOR ME TO FINISH OFF?
YOU GUUUUYS.
I'VE KNOWN THESE TWO A LONG TIME. SAVING LIVES HAS ALWAYS COME EASY TO THEM.
ME, ON THE OTHER HAND--
WADE, STOP.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DONE.
MY HOUSE. MY RULES.

BUT YOU'RE NOT *WRONG*, WADE. VAN STRUTTEN'S A MONSTER. HE'S EVERYTHING FOUL ABOUT DEPARTMENT H AND THEN SOME.
THAT SAID, WHILE WE WERE WAITING--
AND WAITING.
--FOR YOU TO SHOW UP, HE STARTED TALKING. WHAT HE HAD TO SAY WAS... *INTERESTING.*
GOT TO MEET YOUR FRIEND THUMPER, BY THE WAY.
NASTY PIECE OF WORK. NEARLY GOT OUR HEADS KICKED IN. THAT ONE'S BAD NEWS, WADE...
AND EVERYTHING THE DOC'S TOLD US CONFIRMS IT.
WHATEVER THUMPER IS, VAN STRUTTEN'S TO BLAME.
I ASK YOU TO HELP ME TAKE HIM OUT BEFORE HE CAN DO IT AGAIN AND YOU MAKE *FRIENDS WITH HIM?*
EXPECTED AS MUCH FROM A TEDDY BEAR LIKE CABLE...
...BUT WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU, *LOGAN?*
MIND YER TONE, BOY.
DON'T MISTAKE A TEAM-UP WITH ME LIKIN' YOU MORE'N I DO.
NOW SHUT UP A MINUTE AN' LISTEN TO REASON!
NOPE. NEVER LIKED THE SOUND OF REASON'S VOICE.
AUF WIEDERSEHEN, DOC!
DEADPOOL, PLEASE--

THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
SNIKT!
WHAT, YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT A BIGGER BEEF WITH DEPARTMENT H THAN I DO?
THINK I DON'T WANNA SLICE THIS PIECE OF GARBAGE OPEN FROM STEM TO STERN?
GO ON, THEN...
...TELL ME AGAIN HOW I'VE GONE SOFT.
CAN'T DO THAT. NOTHING SOFT IN THIS ROOM, I ASSURE YOU, SIR.
GRRRR.

I KNOW YOU FEEL SOME KIND OF RESPONSIBILITY FOR THUMPER. HE WAS A FRIEND. I GET IT.
BUT HE'S *CHANGED*, WADE. VAN STRUTTEN'S BEEN RUNNING FROM HIM FOR WEEKS. NOT BECAUSE THUMPER WANTS TO KILL HIM--HE WANTS TO FORCE THE DOC BACK INTO BUSINESS.
THUMPER WANTS AN ARMY OF SUPER-BASTARDS HE CAN USE TO MOVE AGAINST THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CRIME FAMILIES.
VERIFIED IT ALL WITH A COUPLE OF OLD CONTACTS IN INTERPOL. THEY SAY HE'S ALREADY MAKING MOVES IN CHINA. THIS IS GONNA GET BIG.
SNIKT
I CAN GIVE YOU A FEW DAYS' HEAD START. MAYBE A WEEK?
OPERATION LIKE THAT...HE'LL NEED MONEY.
CHINA, *HUH?*
ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE SMARTER THAN YOU LOOKED.
WHATEVER. JUST...WILL YOU PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME WITH HER?
I CAN TRY. BUT TAKE IT FROM ME, KID, WITH THAT ONE...
"...ACTIONS SPEAK A LOT LOUDER."

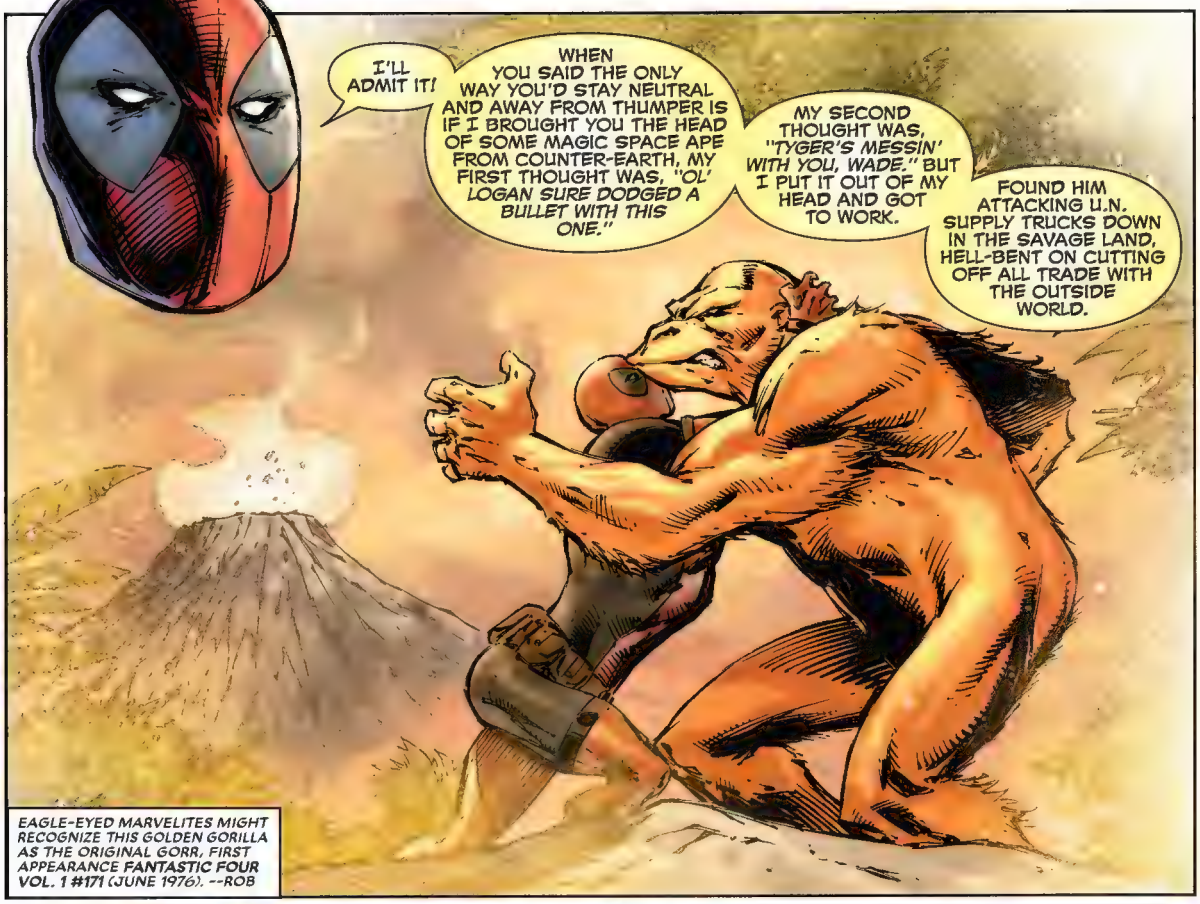
MADRIPOOR.
LOWTOWN.

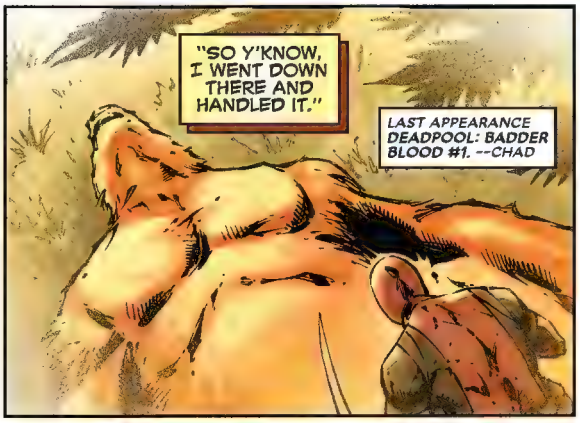
DEADPOOL.
I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK SO *SOON.*

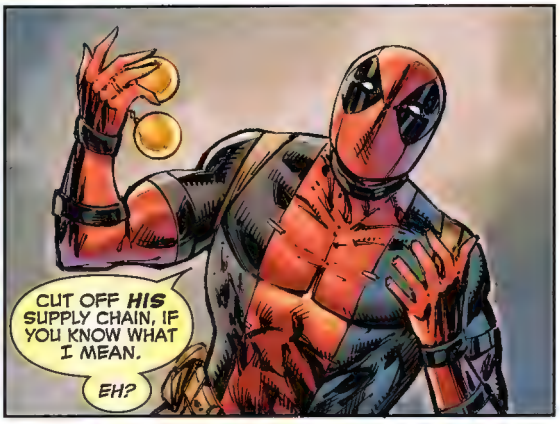
TYGER TIGER.
PIRATE QUEEN. THE MOST POWERFUL LADY FOR A HUNDRED MILES. ANOTHER OF WOLVERINE'S OLD FLAMES. PRETTY SURE SHE BROKE UP WITH HIM.

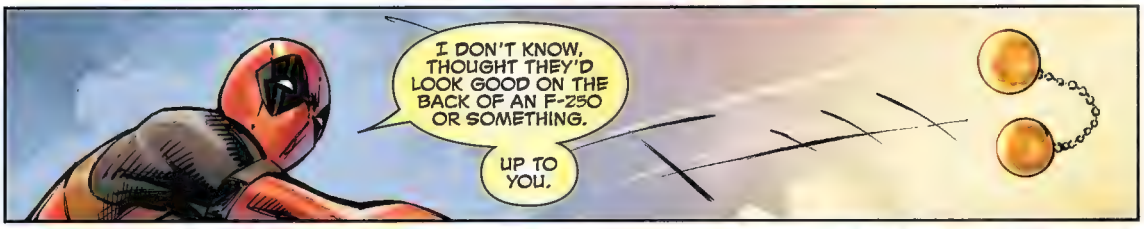
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...

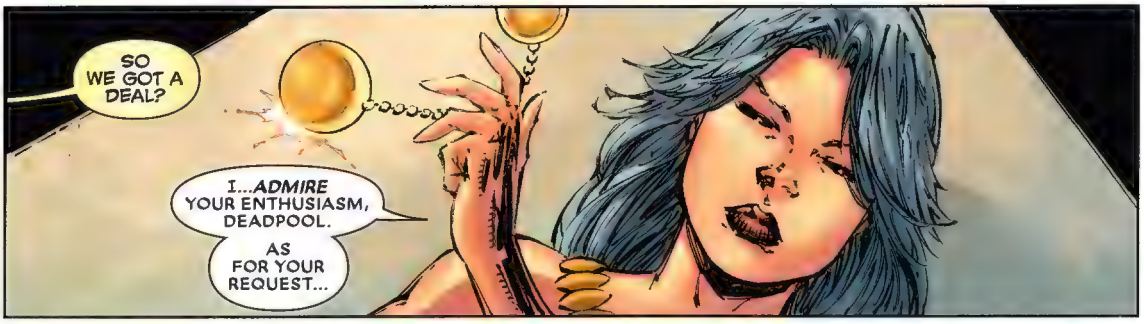
"NEVER EXPECT DEADPOOL BACK SO SOON."
OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I DON'T KNOW, MY MEMORY'S SHOT. WHATEVER THE CASE...
I DID IT. IT'S DONE.
NOW LET'S TALK BUSINESS!
'CAUSE WHILE WE'RE WASTING TIME, ONE VERY DANGEROUS DUDE--AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE--IS ALREADY MOVING AGAINST YOUR INTERESTS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD.
LOOK, EVERYBODY KNOWS NOTHING HAPPENS IN MADRIPOOR IF YOU DON'T ALLOW IT. SO I'M HOPING, TOGETHER, WE CAN SHUT HIS OPERATION DOWN BEFORE IT GETS ANY BIGGER.
BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING HE CAN'T COME BACK FROM.
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
HOLD ON, BACK UP. YOU SAID YOU... "DID IT"?
YOU FOUND HIM, THEN?
DID A LITTLE MORE THAN THAT, SISTER.
RECOGNIZE THESE BABIES?
CLACK


I'LL ADMIT IT!
WHEN YOU SAID THE ONLY WAY YOU'D STAY NEUTRAL AND AWAY FROM THUMPER IS IF I BROUGHT YOU THE HEAD OF SOME MAGIC SPACE APE FROM COUNTER-EARTH, MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS, "OL' LOGAN SURE DODGED A BULLET WITH THIS ONE."
MY SECOND THOUGHT WAS, "TYGER'S MESSIN' WITH YOU, WADE." BUT I PUT IT OUT OF MY HEAD AND GOT TO WORK.
FOUND HIM ATTACKING U.N. SUPPLY TRUCKS DOWN IN THE SAVAGE LAND, HELL-BENT ON CUTTING OFF ALL TRADE WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
EAGLE-EYED MARVELITES MIGHT RECOGNIZE THIS GOLDEN GORILLA AS THE ORIGINAL GORR, FIRST APPEARANCE FANTASTIC FOUR VOL. 1 #171 (JUNE 1976). --ROB


"SO Y'KNOW, I WENT DOWN THERE AND HANDLED IT."
LAST APPEARANCE DEADPOOL: BADDER BLOOD #1. --CHAD


CUT OFF HIS SUPPLY CHAIN, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
EH?


I DON'T KNOW, THOUGHT THEY'D LOOK GOOD ON THE BACK OF AN F-250 OR SOMETHING.
UP TO YOU.


SO WE GOT A DEAL?
I...ADMIRE YOUR ENTHUSIASM, DEADPOOL.
AS FOR YOUR REQUEST...

...I'M AFRAID YOU WERE A LITTLE LATE FROM THE VERY BEGINNING.
I BELIEVE YOU KNOW MY NEWEST BUSINESS PARTNER.
GOOD TO...SEE YOU...
...WADE.
THUMPER?
SONUVA--THEY EMPIRE STRIKES BACK'D ME!
HIS VOICE. IT SOUNDS ALMOST... HUMAN.
NO!
BAM
BAM
BAM
I DON'T CARE WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU! IF YOU SMELL DIFFERENT OR YOU'RE GROWING HAIR IN NEW PLACES--
LET'S GO AHEAD AND CUT THE REUNION SHORT, HUH?
DOES NOT...HAVE TO BE...LIKE THIS.
JOIN ME! PARTNERS...IN CRIME.
WE COULD RULE THE UNDERWORLD!
TING
TING
TING
ABSOLUTELY NOT!
BESIDES, CHECK MY RÉSUMÉ. I'M NOT THE GUY YOU WANT RUNNING A CRIME EMPIRE. MANAGEMENT AIN'T MY STRONG SUIT!
THIS IS!
BAM
BAM

MILES ELLISON--THE MAN-MONSTER NOW CALLED THUMPER--USED TO BE MY BEST FRIEND.
WE GREW UP TOGETHER. AND YEARS LATER, HAD OUR LIVES COMPLETELY @#$%#$ BY DEPARTMENT H TOGETHER.
TO BE FAIR, THE H JUST ADDED ON TO WHAT I WAS ALREADY--A PSYCHO KILLER. (QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST?)
BUT MILES...DUMB KID. ALL HE EVER WANTED WAS TO BE LIKE ME.
AND LOOK WHERE THAT GOT HIM.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
TING
TING
PTING
LAST TIME WE FACED OFF, HE SAVED MY LIFE AND WALKED AWAY INTO THE SUNSET.
TRIED KEEPING TABS ON HIM, BUT HE'S GOOD AT DISAPPEARING. KINDA HOPED I'D NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.
OH WELL.
ALL RIGHT, PHONY SOPRANO...

BAM
TIME TO STOP BELIEVIN'!
BAM
DON'T WANT TO--
TING
TING
TING
TING
BLAM
BLAM
--HURT YOU.
OOF.
SAME, BIG GUY!
BLAM
BLAM
BUT HERE WE ARE. DOING IT ANYWAY!
THWIP

WILL NOT... STOP ME... WADE!
THWAK
OOF.
THUMPER AM--
NO!
I AM...
...DIFFERENT NOW.
YEAH.
I SEE THAT, BUDDY.
LOOK, LET'S JUST--
ZZZ

CAN'T... MOVE.
WHAT DID...YOU DO...
...TO ME?
SYNAPTIC SCRAMBLER. ENOUGH TO STUN A FULL-GROWN CLYDESDALE.
SURPRISED YOU'RE EVEN TALKIN'.
PROLLY CAUSE HE'S TWICE THE #$%&$% SIZE OF A FULL-GROWN HOUSE, I RECKON.
NOW GET US HOME, WILLYA? BEFORE MY BLOODY BACK GIVES OUT.
FIVE ALIVE! NEED A SIDESTEP BACK TO HQ-- PRONTO!
ADDITIONAL BIOMASS DETECTED. ESTIMATED WEIGHT VARIANCE REQUIRED.
ZWWWEEE

SHATTERSTAR?
NOT EVEN CLOSE.

#2

WELCOME TO KILLVILLE--THE WORLD'S ONLY FULLY IMMERSIVE, POP-UP SLAY STATION!
BAD NEWS, DEADPOOL--SOMEBODY OUT THERE WANTS YOU DEAD, AND KILLVILLE, INC., IS MORE THAN HAPPY TO HELP THEM OUT!
BUT THERE'S A BRIGHT SIDE (FOR US, AT LEAST)! YOUR DEATH'S GONNA BE SO MUCH FUN TO WATCH!
NOW, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO... SHE'S TRAVELED ALL THE WAY FROM MOJOWORLD FOR A CHANCE AT CANCELING YOU IN PERSON!
PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR THE STUNNING KILLVILLE DEBUT OF...
SHATTERSTORM
"KILLVILLE", HUH? GUESS WE'RE NOT IN MADRIPOOR ANYMORE.

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE-- SLAY ME BEFORE I SLAY YOU.
QUESTIONS?
FOR REAL?
I WAS GONNA START WITH "WHAT'S A KILLVILLE?", BUT LET'S JUMP RIGHT OVER THAT ONE AND GO WITH:
SO YOU'RE NOT SHATTERSTAR?
IF ONLY.
I WAS RAISED ON RERUNS OF THE LEGENDARY GAVEEDRA-SEVEN. EVEN SAW HIM FIGHT LIVE ONCE. IT WAS INSPIRING.
AND WHEN HE BROKE FREE-- HE BECAME A SYMBOL OF WHAT LIFE COULD BE OUTSIDE THE REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAM.
SO I DID THE SAME. AND NOW I HONOR HIM IN LIKENESS, WEAPONRY, AND ATTITUDE.
YEAH, NO #&$%.
ARE YOU A FAN, AS WELL?
FAN'S PROBABLY A LITTLE STRONG, BUT SURE. PRETTY BOY AN' ME, WE GO WAAAAAY BACK. AND I DON'T EVER RECALL HIM KILLING FOR A PROFIT.
GET A LITTLE CREATIVE WITH THE LEGEND, DID WE?
WHAT CAN I SAY... SWORDS ARE EXPENSIVE.

TELL ME ABOUT IT!
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
I'VE GOT LESS THAN A DAY TO FIND THUMPER--MY ONE-TIME BEST FRIEND NOW WOULD-BE KINGPIN--BEFORE WOLVERINE AND PROBABLY ALL OF ALPHA FLIGHT SHOW UP TO DO IT THEMSELVES.
SERIOUSLY, WHO HAS TIME FOR THIS CRAP?
HMPH. OF COURSE YOU PREFER GUNS.
A COWARD'S WEAPON MASKING INADEQUACIES ELSEWHERE. TYPICAL.
OH NO SHE DIDN'T.
PTING
PTING
PTING
GUESS I CAN SPARE A FEW MINUTES TO TEACH THIS INDOOR KID SOME MANNERS.
OKAY, SHATTERSTOR-- NOPE, CAN'T DO IT. CAN'T SAY IT WITH A STRAIGHT FACE JUST YET.
BUT, LOOK, IF YOU LIKE SWORDS SO MUCH...

LET'S SWORD, BABY.
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE.
VIEWER DISCRETION ADVISED.
UGGGH. DO YOU EVEN HEAR YOURSELF?
THAT'S WHY I HATE FIGHTING YOU MOJO GUYS SO FREAKING MUCH.
THE WHOLE "LIFE IS A TV SHOW" THING IS JUST ANNOYING.
BLASPHEMY!
I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S TRUE. BESIDES...

EVERYBODY KNOWS LIFE IS A COMIC BOOK!
DON'T YOU EVER STOP TALKING?
OH, C'MON! YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!
HOW 'BOUT SOMETHING LIKE, "I CAN'T WAIT TO MUTE YOU, PERMANENTLY!"?
WHOEVER TAUGHT YOU HOW TO FIGHT NEGLECTED A VERY IMPORTANT LESSON:
COMBAT IS NO PLACE FOR COMEDY!

OBVIOUSLY, YOU'VE NEVER WRESTLED WITH THE MAN-THING!
BLAM
WAIT, WHEN DID I SWITCH BACK TO GUNS?
BLAM
PTING PTING
ZA'S VID! ARE YOU EVEN TRYING TO HIT ME?!
DON'T REMEMBER EVER PUTTING AWAY MY SWORD.
SOMETHING MAJORLY OFF ABOUT THIS PLACE. NEED TO FIND THE EXIT BEFORE WHATEVER THAT WAS HAPPENS AGAIN.

BUT AN UNCERTAIN DEADPOOL MAKES FOR A SLOPPY ONE. SINCE I CAN'T TRUST A LOT AT THE MOMENT, I'LL GET BACK TO BASICS--
NO GUNS.
NO SWORDS.
NO QUIPS.
OOOF.
FOUND YOUR SECOND WIND, I SEE.
JUST FEET.
AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE READY TO SIGN OFF FOR THE NIGHT!
AND FISTS.
WHO, ME?
AAAH

NOT BY A LONG SHOT.
HHHTT
LOOK, QUIPS NEVER KILLED ANYBODY.
I KEEP TRYING.
I KNOW I SHOULDN'T SAY IT, BUT THAT WAS TOO EASY.
SO WHY DO I FEEL-- AND SUDDENLY LOOK--LIKE I JUST WENT TWELVE ROUNDS WITH THE HULK?
I REALLY GOTTA GET THE #$@% OUTTA HERE.

HMMMMM.
NOPE, THE BATTLE-DAMAGED LOOK ISN'T WORKING FOR ME. CLIENTS WON'T LOVE IT EITHER.
REVERT BACK TO THE BLACK AND RED SKIN AND GIVE ME 360.
THERE IT IS. CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THE CLASSICS.
NOW, BOOST HIS STAMINA BY, SAY...THIRTY PERCENT OUGHTA DO IT.
AFTER THAT...

"...HE'S ALL YOURS."
WHAM
UUUHFF!
CONGRATULATIONS ON SURVIVING YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH SHATTERSTORM.
THE PROBABILITY OF ACHIEVING THE SAME AGAINST ME IS QUITE LOW.
UH-HUH. AND YOU ARE...?
I AM KILLVILLE, OF COURSE.

WELL AIN'T THIS A TREAT?!
YOU GUYS HAD ME THINKING KILLVILLE WAS SOME KIND OF HALLUCINOGENIC-TORTURE CHAMBER/FUN HOUSE WHERE SUPER-PEOPLE WITH A PRICE ON THEIR HEADS ARE TAKEN TO DIE!
TURNS OUT YOU'RE JUST SOME PIECE-OF-&$#% ROBOT!
WRONG, DEADPOOL. KILLVILLE IS SO MUCH MORE.
SHALL I DEMONSTRATE?

IT HAPPENS AGAIN.

THAT FEELING FROM BEFORE, LIKE WITH THE GUNS--SOMETHING'S CHANGED, AND I'M NOT AT THE WHEEL ANYMORE.

IF I COULD SPEAK, I'D TELL YOU...WELL, I'D SAY I'M A BUNCH OF THINGS ALL AT ONCE. EVERY POSSIBILITY.

THERE'S ONE PLACE WHERE I'VE FOUGHT EVERYBODY AND WON. I'M THE LAST MAN STANDING.

SOMEWHERE--***SOMEHOW*** ELSE, I'M A PAINTING ON A WALL. OR IN A BOOK, MAYBE. AND THERE'S THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE LOOKING AT ME, ALL OF THEM SMILING.

AND THEN THERE'S THE OTHER ME...

HE--I MEAN, ***ME***--I'VE BEEN LOST INSIDE KILLVILLE FOR I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG.

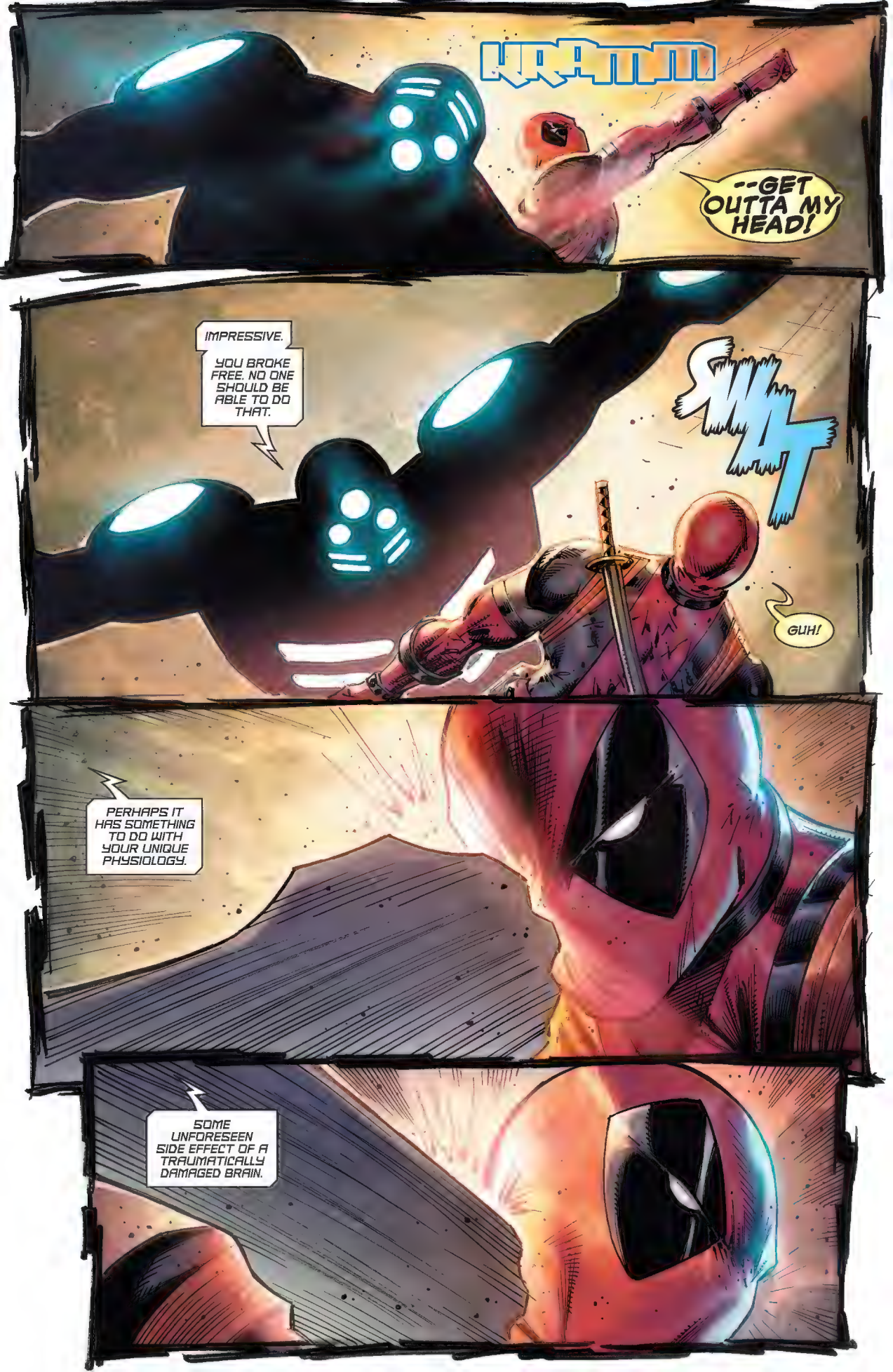
I KEEP LOSING TO IT. AND DYING, THEN COMING BACK TO LIFE THANKS TO MY STUPID HEALING FACTOR.

IT'S THE WHOLE THING WITH THUMPER ALL OVER AGAIN, EXCEPT NOW...

WAIT--***THUMPER!*** MILES! HE'S OUT THERE. HE NEEDS ME.

MAYBE I CAN STILL SAVE HIM.

BUT FIRST, I NEED TO--


KRAVEN
--GET OUTTA MY HEAD!
IMPRESSIVE.
YOU BROKE FREE. NO ONE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO THAT.
SHT
GUH!
PERHAPS IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOUR UNIQUE PHYSIOLOGY.
SOME UNFORESEEN SIDE EFFECT OF A TRAUMATICALLY DAMAGED BRAIN.

OOOF!
NO MATTER.
YOUR CONTINUED SURVIVAL SIMPLY AFFORDS US MORE OPPORTUNITY TO PROFIT FROM YOUR PAIN.
DESTROYING WHAT IS LEFT OF YOUR FRAGILE PSYCHE...
"...THAT, I WOULD DO FOR FREE."

HUH?
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?
AND WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
LOGAN?
WARREN?
BETSY?
C'MON, GUYS--
X-FORCE ASSEMBLE!
THEY'RE GONNA KICK ME OFF THE TEAM, I JUST KNOW IT.

SKETCHY-ASS VILLAIN COMPOUND WITH ABYSMAL LIGHTING?
CHECK.
A GAGGLE OF DEAD PARAMILITARY TYPES PROBABLY MESSING AROUND WITH SOMETHING THEY HAD NO BUSINESS MESSING AROUND WITH?
CHECK.
ALL THAT'S LEFT NOW IS TO FIND MY MISSING X-BUDDIES...
...BEFORE WHATEVER DID THESE GUYS IN CAN DO THE SAME TO THEM.

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE.
COMPLEX CHARACTERIZATION! THE HYPER-EST VIOLENCE! SEXUAL SITUATIONS!
AND DON'T FORGET THE KICK-ASS GRAY AND BLACK UNIFORMS SYMBOLIZING THE TEAM'S AFTER-OFFICE-HOURS MORAL AMBIGUITY.
CLIENTS ARE GOING TO EAT THIS X-FORCE STUFF UP WITH A SPOON!
SPEAKING OF, THEY'LL BE ARRIVING ANY SECOND NOW. BETTER LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT.
KILLVILLE. BABE. I'M REALLY LOVING THIS NEW DIRECTION--BUT MAMA NEEDS TO SEE SOME ACTION.
THINK YOU CAN HELP ME OUT?

OPEN FIRE!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
DAMN. SO BUSY LOOKING FOR FANTOMEX AND THE OTHERS, I LET THESE TRIGGER-HAPPY NPCS BOX ME IN.
OUCH.
THAT'S THE WORST PART ABOUT WORKING WITH A TEAM, I GUESS. YOU GET USED TO IT. IT SPOILS YOU...

...MAKES IT EASY TO FORGET NOBODY'S EVER REALLY WATCHING YOUR BACK.
UH-UH! NO! TOO MUCH PATHOS!
SKIP AHEAD FIVE MINUTES PAST THE BLOODBATH.
RIGHT ABOUT THERE SHOULD BE GOOD.
NO EASY WAY TO SAY THIS, KILLVILLE, THAT TWIST SUCKED!
SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST DISGUSTINGLY WEALTHY BAD GUYS ARE STOPPING BY TONIGHT TO WATCH DEADPOOL DIE.
THEY'RE EXPECTING SOMETHING SPECTACULAR, NOT TO SEE HIM SHOT FULL OF HOLES FOR THE UMPTEENTH TIME.
WE'VE GOT TO GO BIGGER!

"I PROMISED THEM SOMETHING THEY'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!"

AND
ARCATA
ALWAYS KEEPS HER PROMISES.

#1 VARIANT BY ROB LIEFELD & IFANSYAH NOOR

#3

SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE SENTIENT TORTURE TESSERACT KNOWN AS KILLVILLE...
WHY WON'T YOU JUST KEEP STILL?!
ALL THIS JUMPING AROUND, IT ONLY REMINDS US OF HIM--THE SPIDER!
AND YOU DON'T WANT US THINKING ABOUT THAT ONE! NOT IF YOU WANT A QUICK AND EASY DEATH--
--THAT DOESN'T END WITH US EATING YOU ALIVE!
THE TONGUE WITH LEGS CURRENTLY TRYING TO BREAK MY OWN--

--HE'S CALLED **VENOMPOOL.**

(I KNOW. WOULD'VE NEVER GUESSED IT, EITHER.)

RAAAWWWRR!

UNDERNEATH ALL THAT, SOMEWHERE DOWN DEEP INSIDE, IS A WADE WILSON FROM ANOTHER EARTH. ONE WHERE I BECAME VENOM AND NOT--HELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER. NOTHING DOES.

NOT UNTIL THIS SLOBBERING NIGHTMARE TELLS ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF MY TEAM--THE UNCANNY **X-FORCE!**

WHERE ARE THEY, YOU DERIVATIVE PIECE OF @$#%?!

TILL THEN, I'M THE LAST MAN STANDING.

(OR KICKING. WHATEVER.)

THE THOUGHT THAT SOMETHING WITH MY NAME--MY SORRY EXCUSE FOR A FACE--MIGHT'VE HURT 'EM--OR DONE ***WORSE***...

I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GONNA LIVE WITH IT.

WHACK

I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!

BUT I CAN PROMISE HE ***WON'T.***

SLICE

AAARRH!

OH, NOW YOU DECIDE NOT TO TALK?!

TRUST ME, FELLA--YOU'LL SPILL YOUR GUTS.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

HAHAHAHAHAHA!
FUNNY LITTLE MAN. JUST LIKE PARKER.
WE DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU. BUT WE DON'T NEED TO.
ALL WE NEED IS OUR HATE FOR THE WALL-CRAWLER--WITH HIS SICKLY AUNT AND TALK OF RESPONSIBILITY AND THE THWIPPING AND THE QUIPPING! TO FEEL HIS BONES SNAPPING UNDER THE PRESSURE OF OUR JAWS!
FUNNY LIKE PARKER. YOU WILL MAKE FINE PRACTICE!
MISSED!
AGILE AND SWIFT! EVEN MORE LIKE HIM, I SEE!
THINK SO?
YAAAAARRRHHH!
SLICE
YOU EVER SEE SPIDEY DO THAT?

NEARBY...
KILLVILLE, YOU GENIUS!
THAT KIND OF GORE-FILLED INSANITY WILL HAVE CLIENTS FALLING ALL OVER THEMSELVES TO HIRE US FOR ASSASSINATION PARTIES NEXT FALL--RIGHT AFTER WE PUT BIG BROTHER ARCADE OUT OF BUSINESS!
MURDERWORLD'S AN OUTRIGHT ANTIQUE COMPARED TO YOU. UNDER MY DIRECTION, OF COURSE.
INDEED, ARCATA.
RECOMMENDING DEADPOOL AS OUR INITIAL SUBJECT WAS INSPIRED. HIS ENHANCED HEALING ABILITIES MADE HIM THE IDEAL CHOICE.
BUT HIS CHANCES OF SURVIVING DECREASE BY THE NANOSECOND...
I MUST TEST MY OWN LIMITS BEFORE HE EXPIRES.
FINE. I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT...FINE.
KEEP VENOMPOOL IN THE MIX, THOUGH.
HE'S A DAMN COOL VISUAL. BUT MORE THAN THAT, MAYBE WE CAN STRIP THE SYMBIOTE WHEN OUR DEADPOOL FINALLY BURNS OUT.
HOPEFULLY HE'S JUST AS RESILIENT.
WELCOME TO KILLVILLE 2.0, DEADPOOL...
...WHO CARES IF YOU SURVIVE THE EXPERIENCE?

LAST PLACE I WANNA BE IS INSIDE VENOMPOOL'S HEAD.
GOT PLENTY OF LOOSE SCREWS AND FIRECRACKERS RATTLING 'ROUND INSIDE MY OWN CABEZA, BELIEVE ME-- BUT, DAMMIT, I GOTTA KNOW--
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
SURE, I KNOW YOU!
YOU'RE AGENT X! THE MOST DESPICABLE ASSASSIN IN ALL THE MULTIVERSE!
HAD TO ASK, DIDN'T I?!
YOUR VILLAINOUS REPUTATION IS KNOWN FAR AND WIDE, AND SECOND ONLY TO THAT OF THE SINISTER SPIDER-MAN-- OUR NEMESIS!
AND IF WE HADN'T MADE IT CLEAR BEFORE--
BLAM BLAM BLAM
AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
--WE LOVE TO KILL VILLAINS!
DID HE SAY...
KILL... VILLE--?
CHEESE AN' CRACKERS! I'M STILL IN KILLVILLE!
VENOMPOOL, LISTEN TO ME--

NO!
WAAAIIIAAAAAAAHHHHTTT.
CRASH
OOOF.
UNNNH...
I'VE SEEN SOME ODDBALL #$%@ IN MY TIME--

--BUT I'M PRETTY SURE VENOMPOOL JUST THREW ME INTO THE SAVAGE LAND.
SNNNRRRRLLL
MMMM HMMM. THAT'S DEFINITELY WHAT JUST HAPPENED.
RAAAAWWWR
ZABU? THAT YOU?
PRRRR
YEAH, I THOUGHT SO.
÷WHEW÷ CAN YOU IMAGINE IF I'D BEEN WRONG?
LIKE, HOW EMBARRASSING WOULD THAT HAVE BEEN FOR BOTH OF US?
AND IF YOU'RE THE REAL ZABU...
...DOES THAT MEAN I MANAGED TO FINALLY ESCAPE KILLVILLE?

GRRRRRR
HUH. THAT'S A LITTLE UNEXPECTED.
DON'T SWEAT IT, ZEE...
"...LET ME TALK WITH HIM."
FOLLOWED YOU THROUGH A HOLE IN THE WALL AND...
YOU CHANGED CLOTHES?
IT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU BEFORE YOU WENT ALL FASTBALL SPECIAL ON ME.
EVERYTHING BACK THERE? IT'S A SIMULATION OR SOMETHING. STILL TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT, MYSELF.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE PART OF IT. BUT APPARENTLY NOT. SO WHAT DO YOU SAY WE START FROM SCRATCH? I'LL GO FIRST...
HI, I'M WADE.
YOU WILL GET US HOME. OR ELSE.
WADE DON'T LIKE THREATS.
WE DO NOT LIKE YOU.

YEAH, ME NEITHER.

WHAM

RRRAAARRRGH!

YOU DID THIS TO US!
YANKED US OUT OF OUR WORLD WITHOUT PROVOCATION OR PURPOSE--
--AND BROUGHT US HERE TO TORMENT AND CONFUSE!
SMASH
UUUGH!
ALL RIGHT, FORGET WHAT I SAID, ZABU...
"...LITTLE HELP, PLEASE."
RAAWWWWR

CHOMP
AAAH!
AWAY FROM US, BEAST!
SEE! WE HAVE CLAWS, TOO!
SHOW YOU OUR FANGS NEXT!
LEAVE THE CAT ALONE!
OOF.
NOW WHAT? I DIDN'T EVEN KICK HIM THAT--
OH NO! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!

DEEP SPACE. THE SHI'AR EMPIRE.

HOBGOBLIN

HE JUST APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE.

ORACLE

WHO IS HE, GLADIATOR?

I AM UNSURE, ORACLE. BUT THAT IS ABOUT TO *CHANGE*.

IDENTIFY YOURSELF, STRANGER. AND PLANET OF ORIGIN. *NOW!*

GLADIATOR

NEUTRON

TEMPEST

IMPULSE

STARBOLT

TITAN

ELECTRON

SMASHER

FANG

I'M...IN *SPACE?* AND, SOMEHOW, NOT DEAD *AND* I CAN HEAR AND UNDERSTAND WHAT THESE GUYS ARE SAYING.

WHAT IS HAPPENING?

UH, YOU FIRST?

ASTRA

HMPH. A HUMAN. HIS DIALECT AND WEAK VOICE GIVE HIM AWAY.
STAND DOWN, IMPERIAL GUARD. WE ARE IN NO DANGER FROM THIS ONE.
HOLD ON A MINUTE. I'M PLENTY DANGEROUS!
ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M CONFUSED. WHICH IS MOST OF THE TIME. AND ESPECIALLY RIGHT NOW!
SO I'M GONNA NEED SOME ANSWERS!
AND SINCE THE LAST PEOPLE WHO EVEN STOOD A CHANCE OF TELLING ME WHAT'S GOING ON WERE MY SYMBIOTE-POSSESSED TWIN AND A BIG CAT...GUESS YOU'RE UP, SPACE ELVIS.
SO WHAT DO YOU GUYS KNOW ABOUT KILLVILLE?
"SYMBIOTE"? DOES HE MEAN--
KLYNTAR. HE COULD BE IN LEAGUE WITH THEM.
HE JUST ADMITTED IT, DIDN'T YOU HEAR?
HE'S ONE OF THEM!
HE'S A SPY! AN INVASION CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND!
LET HIM SPEAK!
UM...NO ONE'S EVER SAID THAT ABOUT ME.
I FEEL REALLY SEEN RIGHT NOW.

ENOUGH!
STARBOLT, ERADICATE THE INTERLOPER!
AS YOU COMMAND, PRAETOR!
OH, THAT'S HOT! HEALING FACTOR OR NOT, THIS ONE'S GONNA HURT-- MAYBE WORSE.
AT LEAST THE OBITUARY'LL BE AWESOME.
INCINERATED IN THE FAR REACHES OF SPACE AFTER MOUTHING OFF TO AN ENTIRE LEGION OF--
FWAAT
SERIOUSLY?!
AGAIN?!
NICE WORK, STARPOOL--
OH.
OH NO...

YOU BEAMED HIM RIGHT TO US.
YEAH, DUDE, DON'T CALL IT THAT.
COSMIC AWADENESS AT ITS BEST!
THINK IT'S REALLY HIM, BOSS? I MEAN, IT LOOKS LIKE HIM...
WHAT DO YOU SAY, DOGPOOL-- IS HE THE REAL DEALPOOL?
SNIFF
WOOF.
GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
THE DEADPOOL CORPS.
BUT IT CAN'T BE.

YAAAAAY!
HEY, DAD!
I'M NOT YOUR DAD, KIDDO. NEVER WAS. AND I'M SORRY, BUT...
...AREN'T YOU GUYS, LIKE...DEAD?
THE DEAD-EST. IT'S IN THE NAME, AFTER ALL.
HOW--?
KILLVILLE. NOTHING'S OFF LIMITS. NOT THE PAST, PRESENT OR THE FUTURE.
IT MAKES WHAT IFS... WHATEVERS. AND WE'RE KIND OF SICK OF IT.
WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING IT FROM THE OUTSIDE AND GETTING NOWHERE. BUT SOMEBODY LET YOU IN. YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO CRACK IT IN HALF, MAN.
HERE, YOU'LL NEED THIS.
AWWW, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE. WHAT IS IT?
YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW?
I MEAN, I KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE...
AND THAT I'VE WISHED FOR ONE SINCE I WAS SIX YEARS OLD BUT--
--UH-OH!
I'M GETTING THAT FEELING AGAIN. LIKE I'M--
--SLIPPING AWAY.
MAY THE F--
TOO FAR, KID!
GOOD LUCK, WADE. YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT.

OKAY. LET'S RECAP.
A MISSION TO SAVE AN OLD FRIEND GOT DETOURED ALL TO HELL BY SOME KIND OF BEEFY ASSASSIN THAT SEEMS TO BE BOTH A SENTIENT A.I. AND A PLACE THAT CAN MANIPULATE REALITY AND SPACE.
AND IT'S LOOKING MORE AND MORE LIKE THERE'S PROBABLY NO WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS AND BACK ON TRACK THAT DOESN'T END WITH ME TRASHING IT REAL GOOD.
WHICH I'M OKAY WITH AT THIS POINT.
MMMMM.
THE HUM OF YOUR SWORD...
...SO SOOTHING.

WE LIKE IT...DON'T WE?
OH YESSSSSS.
MAKES US THINK OF A STOMACH GROWLING.
LIKE OURS IS RIGHT NOW.
I HOPE BOTH OF YOU ARE GOOD AN' HUNGRY...
...'CAUSE LASER KABOBS A LA WADE ARE ON THE MENU TONIGHT!
AND I'M GONNA MAKE SURE AND SAVE SOME LEFTOVERS FOR WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE FOR PUTTING ME IN THIS MADHOUSE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
"BOTH OF YOU."
MISCOUNTED. COMMON MISTAKE.
WITH OUR SYMBIOTES--THAT MAKES FOUR OF US. ONE OF YOU. HAHAHAHA!
TRY AGAIN, UGLY. I GOT TWO AGAINST FOUR...
OH @#$%.
SNIKT
EIGHT IF YOU ADD THESE.
ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP.

KEEP THE SASS TO YERSELF, BUD.
I'M A BUSY MAN. AN' RESCUIN' YOU FROM *WHATEVER THIS IS* WASN'T EVEN ON MY TO-DO LIST.
BUT CABLE'S GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO SOME REAL TROUBLE. AN', GOD HELP US...
...YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE HIM.

#2 VARIANT BY ROB LIEFELD & ROMULO FAJARDO JR.

#4

SOMEWHERE OVER THE ADIRONDACKS.
PRESENT DAY.
INSIDE THE MOBILE OPERATIONS OUTPOST GRAYMALKIN II.
CABLE'S OLDEST AND MOST TRUSTED ALLY IN THE WAR AGAINST AN UNWANTED FUTURE. BETTER KNOWN AS--
PROFESSOR-- I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO DO BETTER THAN THAT. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "DEADPOOL CANNOT BE FOUND"?
EXACTLY THAT, NATHAN. THE MAN-MUTATE DESIGNATED DEADPOOL--A.K.A. "WADE WILSON"--A.K.A. "THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH"-- A.K.A. "WEAPON--
I GOT IT.
WE GAVE WILSON TIME TO SORT THIS THUMPER SITUATION OUT SOLO. NOW HIS TIME'S UP AND... SHOULD'VE KNOWN HE'D PULL SOME KIND OF VANISHING ACT.
SCAN THE WHOLE PLANET AGAIN, PROFESSOR. HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE--
UH, CABLE, IF I MAY...WHERE WAS HIS LAST KNOWN LOCATION?
MADRIPOOR. THE PRINCESS BAR. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO.

MADRIPOOR. AS GOOD A PLACE TO START THE HUNT AS ANY.

ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR-- GET ME THERE. ***BODYSLIDE BY ONE.***

MY SINCEREST APOLOGIES, NATHAN, BUT ÷SKZZT÷ I AM UNABLE TO.

TRANSMAT SYSTEMS ARE OTHERWISE ENGAGED. I AM RECEIVING ÷SKZZT÷ MULTIPLE SUBJECTS INBOUND. ARRIVAL IS IMMINENT.

DAMMIT. PROFESSOR, OLD FRIEND, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN HACKED.

CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL ME HOW MANY GUESTS I SHOULD EXPECT? YOU KNOW I HATE RUNNING OUT OF AMMO.

I'LL ANSWER THAT ONE, PROFESSOR. AFTER ALL...

IT VAS I WHO INVITED *THE CORE.*

VAN STRUTTEN, YOU ROTTEN--

SHOULD'VE LET THUMPER KILL YOU WHEN HE HAD THE CHANCE.

ZZRAK

YEAH, BRAH. YOU REALLY SHOULDA!

LIVE AND LEARN, I GUESS.

OR IN YOUR CASE-- *DIE AND DON'T!*

RECOGNIZE ME, ULD MAN?

LITTLE CLOSER.

SO I CAN SEE YOU WITH MY *GOOD* EYE!

GO ON, THEN--PRETEND LIKE YOU *DON'T* REMEMBER!
LIKE YOU COULD FORGET WHAT THE *SIX PACK* DID ALL THOSE YEARS AGO!
WHAT YOUR LITTLE BAND OF MERCENARIES *COST ME AND MY TEAM!*
KRAAM
BET THAT JOGGED YOUR MEMORY, *JA?*
WAIT, IT'S COMING TO ME...
SHAKEDOWN, RIGHT? *"THE VIBRATING MAN."*
THOUGHT YOU'D RETIRED. BACK TO BEING A HIRED KILLER, I SEE...

CONSIDERING YOUR PARTICULAR SKILL SET, I GUESS "BRAIN SURGEON" WAS NEVER ON THE TABLE.
UNNH.
KRAK
THINK YOU'RE FUNNY?
WE'LL SEE WHO'S LAUGHING WHEN THUMPER GETS HOLD OF YOU, JA?
YOU'RE WORKING FOR THUMPER?
WHERE IS HE?
WHAT'S HE DONE WITH DEADPOOL?!
TAK
UNHH.
CHAKT
CHAKT
CHAKT
CHAKT
CHAKT
CHAKT
CHAKT
CHAKT
THOOM

TOO EASY.

SURESHOT, YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY PSYCHO! I HAD HIM RIGHT WHERE I WANTED HIM.

YOU WERE TAKING FOREVER.

Y'SAY THAT ABOUT EVERYTHING, *SWIFT.*

CUT THE CHATTER BEFORE I CRUSH THE LOT OF YOU!

HOW'D WE DO, DOC?

WILL THUMPER BE SATISFIED?

INDEED, STRONGARM.

THINK HE'LL KEEP US AROUND?

WITHOUT A DOUBT.

REMOVING CABLE AND TAKING CONTROL OF *GRAYMALKIN II* ADVANCES HIS OBJECTIVES SIGNIFICANTLY. HOWEVER, IT IS BUT A COG IN A MUCH LARGER MACHINE.

THUMPER WILL NEED THE HELP OF *MANY* TO ACHIEVE HIS VISION...

"...BUT DESIRES THE APPROVAL OF ONLY ONE."
DEADPOOL, YOU IDIOT! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
WHAT?! HOW SO?

IF I HADN'T LET YOU RUN OFF ON YOUR OWN--

IF I'D LISTENED TO *MY GUT* AND GONE AFTER YOUR LITTLE PLAYMATE LIKE I WANTED TO IN THE FIRST PLACE--

--HE'D BE SIX FEET UNDER AND I'D BE BACK ON KRAKOA KNOCKING BACK MARTIAN MIMOSAS!

SOUNDS TASTY!

SNIFF

HMMM.

THERE'S SOMETHIN'S OFF ABOUT "*VENOM*" HERE.

I'VE SCRAPPED A TIME OR TWO WITH THE GENUINE ARTICLE, AN' BUB--

YOU AIN'T IT!

HOW RUDE!

WAK

THAT FEEL REAL TO YOU?

VENOM... A PRETENDER? IMPOSSIBLE!

TRUST HIM. WOLVERINE CAN SMELL A FART FROM, LIKE, SIXTY MILES AWAY AND TELL YOU WHAT YOU HAD FOR DINNER A WEEK EARLIER.

OOF.

CARNE ASADA.

PFFT. SHOW-OFF.

KILLVILLE CONTROL ROOM.

CURIOUS. OUR TEST APPEARS TO BE...FLAWED.

"OUR TEST"?

YOU JUST *HAD* TO PUSH THINGS, DIDN'T YOU?

FIX IT.

NOW.

THEY CALL THIS PLACE KILLVILLE. I #$%@#%' HATE IT SO MUCH.
I'VE BEEN TRAPPED INSIDE FOR I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG, DOING MY LEVEL BEST TO HOLD ON TO WHAT SLIVER OF SANITY I HAVE LEFT...AND IT'S GOTTEN ME NOWHERE.
IF WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS WANTS THE FULL DEADPOOL EXPERIENCE, WHO AM I TO SAY NO?
HEY, VENOM-- WHAT'D THE EXECUTIONER SAY TO HIS WIFE WHEN HE LEFT FOR WORK?
"BEHEADING OUT NOW!"
HAHAHAHAHA!
I LOVE THAT ONE! DO ANOTHER!
SIGH
BLAM BLAM
YOU RUINED IT.

STILL...
OH WOW... DUDE WAS A ROBOT.
I MEAN, "YES. JUST AS I SUSPECTED ALL ALONG!"
"BECAUSE I WOULD NEVER DECAPITATE ANYTHING OTHER THAN A ROBOT!"
ANOTHER ROBOT. LESS SOPHISTICATED THAN THE ONE I FOUGHT BEFORE...
...BUT CLOSE ENOUGH TO FOOL ANYBODY THAT'S NOT WOLVERINE.
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO COULD PULL THIS OFF; WHO'S DONE IT COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE...
WOLVIE! VENOMPOOL! LISTEN UP...
I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET US OUT OF HERE.

AND IN MANHATTAN...
AIN'T IT THE WAY? OUT TILL THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING, RIDDING THE WORLD OF ALL ITS EVILS--
--AND AS SOON AS I'M OUT OF MY TIGHTS AND ALL SNUGGLED UP GOOD, THE OL' SPIDER-SENSE DECIDES TO GO HAYWIRE!
AND JUST LIKE THAT-- Y'BOY'S BACK ON THE CLOCK!
I DON'T GET IT. I'VE BEEN SWINGING FOR ALMOST AN HOUR NOW, AND NOTHING.
NOT A VULTURE, A CAR THIEF, OR A CAPWOLF IN SIGHT!
MAYBE SOMEBODY BEAT ME TO IT! THAT'D BE A FIRST!
:YAWN:
OH WELL, EVEN SPIDEYS NEED THEIR BEAUTY SLEEP.
AAAH!
SPOKE TOO SOON.
TROUBLE'S COMING FROM DOWN THERE.
ARCA
I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING THAT CAN'T BE FIXED OVER A NICE ROUND OF SKEE-BALL.

RAAARGGH!

THOSE BARBARIANS ARE TEARING US APART AT THE SEAMS! THEY'RE TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL!

IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF FIXING THINGS, KILLVILLE?

WE CONCEIVED THIS AS A DEATH TRAP FOR DEADPOOL. NO ONE ELSE.

THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF WOLVERINE HAS DESTABILIZED EVERYTHING.

DESPITE OUR BEST EFFORTS, IT APPEARS WE HAVE BEEN DEFEATED BY THE UNPREDICTABLE.

Y'THINK?

I'M BEING TOO HARD ON YOU.
WHO CARES THAT WE DIDN'T WORK ALL THE BUGS OUT OR CRACK THE CODE ON EXACTLY HOW YOU WORK?
WE STILL ACCOMPLISHED A LOT.
NOT BAD FOR OUR FIRST OUTING, KILLVILLE. *I'M CALLING IT A "W"!*
NOW HOW ABOUT WE BLOW IT ALL TO HELL AND START OVER SOMEWHERE ELSE?
TAK TAKKA TAK TAK

HEY THERE, KILLVILLE SURVIVORS! IF YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF THE WOODS, THINK AGAIN!
THIS ONE-OF-A-KIND, PAIN-FOR-PROFIT PLAY PLACE WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN TEN...
HEAR THAT, GUYS? WE DID IT--WE BROKE KILLVILLE!
NINE...
WE NEED TO FIND A WAY OUTTA HERE, LOGAN!
EIGHT...
SHRNNK
WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M LOOKING FOR, WILSON--THE BLASTED POWDER ROOM?
SEVEN...
YOU TWO QUIT YAMMERIN' A SECOND AN' LET ME FOCUS ON...
SIX...
WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER ONE?!

UH, WHO'S THAT?
ARE YOU SERIOUS RIGHT NOW, BRO? THAT'S SPIDER-MAN!
YOU'VE LITERALLY BEEN TALKING ABOUT EATING THE GUY THIS WHOLE TIME I'VE KNOWN YOU!
NO, IT'S NOT. MY SPIDER-MAN HAS WAY MORE LEGS, HUNDREDS OF BEADY LITTLE EYES, AND HE SHOOTS WEBS OUT OF HIS--
THE COUNTDOWN'S STOPPED.
OH, THAT WAS ME! I DID THAT!
YOU JUST GONNA STAND THERE OR DO YOU WANNA TAKE DOWN THIS SICK-LOOKING ROBOT DUDE?
YOWTCH!
I DO NOT HAVE TO BE YOUR ENEMY, SPIDER-MAN.
KINDA FEELS LIKE YOU MIGHT.
IN MY TIME WITH ARCATA, I LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A CRIMINAL.
I LOOK FORWARD TO DISCOVERING WHAT IT MEANS TO BE...A HERO.
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.
I DON'T CARE WHAT HE DOES WITH HIS LIFE... NEXT TIME I RUN INTO THAT GUY, I'M CUTTIN' HIS HEAD OFF, TOO.
YOU GOT SOME WEIRD BAD GUYS, WILSON.
I'VE SEEN WEIRDER.

AS FOR YOU, DARLIN'...MY MEMORY GETS A LITTLE SHAKY, BUT I NEVER FORGET A REDHEAD.
ARCADE'S SISTER, YEAH? TRYING TO IMPROVE ON BIG BROTHER'S STOCK N' TRADE. I RESPECT THE HUSTLE, BELIEVE ME...
...BUT YER NONSENSE TOOK US OFF THE TRAIL OF ONE OF THE NASTIEST SO-AND-SO'S THIS SIDE OF THANOS. THAT'S QUITE A COINCIDENCE.
EVER HEARD THE NAME *THUMPER?*
MMMBBBLLMMBLL*
*YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW. --MARK
THERE'S MORE'N TWO OF 'EM, KID. THEY'RE CALLED THE CORE...
...AND THEY'VE GOT CABLE.
THIS WASN'T HIM, LOGAN.
TWO GUYS JUMPED ME AND MILES* BACK IN MADRIPOOR. THEY TOOK HIM AND SENT ME HERE.
WE FIND THEM--WE FIND HIM.
*MILES ELLISON, A.K.A. THUMPER. --MARK
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? SO DO I.
WHAT?

SO... A RESCUE MISSION, THEN?
YOU GUYS NEED AN EXTRA SET OF HANDS?
WE ARE VENOMPOOL!
SURE. CAN'T HURT.
HMPH. OH YES IT CAN.

#3 VARIANT BY ROB LIEFELD & ROMULO FAJARDO JR.

#5

THIS IS MILES ELLISON. HIS FRIEND WADE CALLS HIM THUMPER.
NOT LONG AGO, HE WAS CANADA'S DEADLIEST SUPER ASSASSIN.
A KILLER WITH A DEADPOOL OBSESSION THAT TOOK HIM OFF TARGET MORE TIMES THAN HE'D CARE TO ADMIT.
IT WAS THAT SAME PREOCCUPATION THAT LED TO HIS FREEDOM AND SET HIM ON A PATH TO BECOMING SOMETHING EVEN WORSE...
A TYRANT HUNGRY FOR AN EMPIRE.

BUT PATHS CHANGE QUICKLY.

DECOMMISSIONED DEPARTMENT H BLACK SITE.
QUEBEC.

RELEASE ME!

THE MAN SOUNDS PISSED, VAN STRUTTEN.

MY GUESS IS HE DOESN'T LIKE BEING STRAPPED DOWN TO THAT POWER-DAMPENER ANY MORE THAN I DO.

SILENCE, MUTANT!

YOU BOTH WOULD DO WELL TO CEASE STRUGGLING...

...AND ACCEPT YOUR FATE.

SHOULD'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK, DOCTOR--

--I DON'T DO, "*ACCEPTING FATE.*"

IT'S KIND OF MY WHOLE DEAL.

I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN YOU THINK, CABLE. AS YOU WILL SOON DISCOVER.

NOW...

"...LET US BEGIN."
YOU HEARD HIM, SWIFT-- TURN IT ON!
DON'T *EVER* RUSH ME, SURESHOT.
CABLE'S ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL TELEPATHS ALIVE. WRANGLING THAT KIND OF PSI ENERGY IS DELICATE WORK.
EVERYTHING HAS TO BE JUST RIGHT OR WE COULD FRY DOCTOR VAN STRUTTEN. AND WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT, WOULD WE?
LEAST NOT TILL HE'S PAID UP.
Y'KNOW, IF THIS WORKS, VAN STRUTTEN'LL BE SMARTER *AND* STRONGER THAN ALL OF US...
...AN' IF IT DON'T, HE'LL BE DEAD. EITHER WAY, WE'RE OUT OF A JOB.
SO WHAT NOW?
SOON AS SWIFT FLIPS THE SWITCH, SPREAD OUT AND TAKE WHATEVER EXPENSIVE-LOOKING EQUIPMENT YOU CAN AND LET'S GET THE HELL OUT.
FENDING FOR HIMSELF A WHILE MIGHT REMIND THE OLD MAN WHAT WE'RE REALLY WORTH.
TAKKA TAK
DONE!
SYSTEM'S LIVE, DOCTOR. VOICE CONTROL FROM HERE ON OUT.
WUNDERBAR.
VOICE RECOGNIZED. FELIX VAN STRUTTEN.
AWAITING COMMAND...
"THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE."
COMMAND RECEIVED.
ATTEMPTING PSYCHIC CONNECTION BETWEEN ALL.
DON'T... DO THIS--
SUBJECT: CABLE OFFERING RESISTANCE. APPLYING SUBLIMINAL DISRUPTORS.
NGGGNNN.
UNSTABLE CONNECTION ESTABLISHED--
THIS...
...WILL NOT BE...
...MY END.

COMMENCE BRAIN WAVE TRANSFERENCE.
AAAARRRGGGHHH!
THE AIR EXPLODES AROUND THEM AS LONG-FORGOTTEN TWISTED SCIENCE MAKES THE IMPOSSIBLE LESS SO.
THE MAN CALLED CABLE DOES HIS BEST TO PUSH AGAINST IT--TO FIGHT BACK--BUT IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE.
ABILITIES HONED OVER A LIFETIME OF PAIN AND DISCIPLINE, RECKLESSLY REPURPOSED AS A PSIONIC BRIDGE BETWEEN TWO EQUALLY WICKED MINDS, EACH VYING FOR THE SAME BODY.
AND ALMOST AS QUICKLY AS IT STARTS...

IT ENDS!
DAMN YOU, VAN STRUTTEN!
WHAT WAS THAT?! WHAT THE HELL DID YOU JUST DO?!
NOTHING...
...TO YOU.
VAN STRUTTEN--
--ARE YOU STILL IN THERE?
...

NEIN!
NEVER AGAIN!
WITNESS THE REBIRTH OF FELIX VAN STRUTTEN!
GETTING YOUR MIND INTO THUMPER'S BODY--THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS WAS ABOUT?
I DIDN'T LIKE YOU MUCH TO BEGIN WITH, BUT--YOU'RE A MONSTER, OLD MAN.
PERHAPS. BETTER A MONSTER THAN AN AGING HUSK OF A MAN.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE YOUR BODY TURN AGAINST YOU?
NOT AT ALL.
ENLIGHTEN ME.
WHAT IF I JUST SKIP TO THE END--
TINK
PTINK
PTINK
VAS--?!
SKIP TO THE END, HUH?

THAT SOUNDS PRETTY DAMN GOOD TO ME!

KEEP IT TOGETHER, WILSON! STICK TO THE BLASTED PLAN FOR ONCE!

YEAH YEAH YEAH, I GOT IT...
SPIDEY RESCUES CABLE. WOLVIE SIZES UP THE THUMPER SITUATION...
...AND ME AND VENOMPOOL HAVE THE DISTINGUISHED HONOR OF DEALING WITH THE CORE--A QUINTET OF MERCENARIES SO DASTARDLY, NOBODY'D EVER EVEN HEARD OF 'EM TILL LAST ISSUE!
STARTING WITH THIS CHUCKLEHEAD!!! GUESSING YOU MUST BE SLAY?
I'M DEADPOOL. NICE TO MEETCHA.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
DOC VAN STRUTTEN TOLD US ALL ABOUT THE CLOWN WHO RUINED THUMPER!
VAN STRUTTEN?!
WHAT'S HE GOT TO DO WITH ANY OF THIS?!

THERE YOU GO, BIG GUY--ALL FREE!
THOSE NULL-CLAMPS LOOKED *REALLY* UNCOMFORTABLE.
I KNOW A GUY IN QUEENS WHO GIVES AN AMAZING WRIST MASSAGE. HE'D PROBABLY CUT YOU A KILLER DISCOUNT ON ACCOUNT OF...WELL, Y'KNOW... YOU HAVING ONLY THE ONE--
PLEASE STOP.
YEAH, TOO MUCH.
SHOULD I FREE THE CUTE LITTLE OLD MAN NEXT?
DON'T BOTHER. THAT CUTE LITTLE OLD MAN JUST MOVED HIS MIND INTO THUMPER'S BODY.
HE WAS TEN STEPS AHEAD OF US ALL ALONG. PUT HIMSELF IN DANGER SO WE'D PROTECT HIM-- SO HE COULD GET CLOSE TO ME. AND I LET HIM!
THUMPER WAS BAD BEFORE, BUT WITH VAN STRUTTEN IN CONTROL...
STAB HIS EYES! HE COULD BE ANOTHER EN SABAH NUR.
IF I KNEW WHO ANY OF THOSE GUYS WERE, I'M SURE I'D BE CONCERNED RIGHT NOW. BUT I'M HERE IN MORE OF AN ADVISORY ROLE, SO...
HOLD UP, YOU FOUND A WEAPON *ALREADY?* DO YOU, LIKE, GROW THOSE THINGS?
REMIND ME TO THANK SURESHOT FOR KEEPING A SPARE ARSENAL ON SITE.
YEAH, AGAIN...NO IDEA.
WILL YOU JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED ME TO DO?
HIT STUFF. DON'T GET SHOT.
CAN DO.
WHAT THE HELL--AIN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE DEADPOOL'S DANCIN' PARTNER?
HE DITCHED ME. GUESS HE'D RATHER PLAY WITH THUMPER. JEALOUS?

MAYBE A LITTLE.
NICE CLAWS Y'GOT THERE--
UHN!
AND I KNOW FROM CLAWS.
HELL, THEY EVEN SMELL SHARP.

BUT NOT SHARP ENOUGH.
K-TAVK
AAAAHHHHH!
BUT THIS AIN'T THAT DAY, BOY.
PLEASE, I'M BEGGIN' YOU--
ANOTHER TIME AN' PLACE, MIGHT'VE EVEN BEEN INTERESTED ENOUGH TO ASK HOW YOU GOT 'EM.
'SIDES, MOST ORIGIN STORIES END UP BEING PRETTY DISAPPOINTIN'.
UGH.
LEAST NOW YOU'VE GOT A GOOD STORY 'BOUT HOW YOU LOST 'EM.

WHY'S THERE ALWAYS LESS STUFF TO SWING FROM IN CANADA?!
I DON'T GUESS IT'S THE KIND OF THING EVERYDAY FOLKS WOULD NOTICE OR COMPLAIN ABOUT...
...BUT FOR RIDICULOUSLY FRIENDLY PROVINCIAL SPIDER-MEN LIKE ME, IT CAN BE A REAL BUMMER!
THUMPER, RIGHT? OR WAS IT VAN STRUTTEN? STRUMPER, MAYBE?
ANYWAY, CABLE SAID YOU WANTED TO TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY. AS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN WITH NO MANNERS, I'D LIKE TO LODGE A FORMAL COMPLAINT!
EVERYTHING'S TOO SHORT!
QUIT TOYIN' WITH HIM, WEBS--HE AIN'T THE TYPE!
PUT HIM DOWN, OR GET OUT OF THE WAY!
WHAT'D YOU SAY, BUB?
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

"CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER ALL THE GUNFIRE!"
I'M USED TO BEING A WEAPON. BEEN THAT WAY MY ENTIRE LIFE. I'VE COME TO TERMS WITH IT IN MY OWN WAY.
BUT TODAY, YOU USED ME LIKE A TOOL TO STEAL ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE!
AND THAT I CAN'T ABIDE.
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
IF ANY PART OF THE OLD THUMPER'S STILL IN THERE, I'M SORRY.
NOW REST IN PEACE.
BUDDA BUDDA
TING
TANG
CLANK
SURELY YOU DO NOT MOURN THE MAN I HAVE REPLACED?
JUST DAYS AGO, YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM YOURSELF IF GIVEN THE CHANCE--

--HOW DOES WHAT I HAVE DONE MAKE ME ANY WORSE?
YOU TOOK A KINDHEARTED KID WITH THE WORLD'S WORST CASE OF HERO WORSHIP AND MADE HIM INTO AN UNSTOPPABLE KILLING MACHINE--
--THEN YOU MOVED INTO HIS BODY!
YOU NEED MORE EXAMPLES?
SLAM
VWAZ VWAZ VWAZ
YOU SPEAK OF HIM AS IF YOU WERE FRIENDS.
THEY WEREN'T.
BUT WE WERE!
LET'S CRACK THIS #@#$%@ OPEN AND SEE WHAT'S INSIDE, NATE!

EASIER SAID THAN DONE, I'M AFRAID!
HIS SKIN ALONE IS TOUGHER THAN A RHINO'S HIDE. THE GUNS HERE ARE TOO LOW-TECH, AND I'M CUT OFF FROM GRAYMALKIN.*
HEAVEN HELP US IF HE EVER ACTUALLY PUTS HIS ARMOR BACK ON.
VWAZ
VWAZ
YEAH, WELL, THEN LET'S DEFINITELY NOT BRING THAT UP AGAIN.
*IT HAPPENED LAST ISSUE. --MARK
HEAR THAT, OLD MAN? WE GOTTA SOFTEN YOU UP BEFORE I GET TO THE GOOEY PARTS.
HAHAHAHAHA!
GO ON! BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!
I WON'T FEEL A THING!
KRACK

OH, I NEVER SAID I WAS GONNA DO IT.
MEIN GOTT.
WHO--

WE ARE VENOMPOOL!
WHAM
AND YOU--
--COULD BE--
KOOM
AAAH.
--A FULL-COURSE MEAL!
UNNN.
SLAM

EASY, BIG FELLA! YOU DID REAL GOOD, BUT I NEED YOU TO STAND DOWN NOW.
THIS NEXT PART'S ALL ME!
POW POW
REALLY, MORE GUNS?
AFTER ALL THAT HARD WORK TO...WHAT DID YOU CALL IT..."SOFTEN ME UP"?
YOU WERE NEVER VERY GOOD AT THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX.
MILES ON THE OTHER HAND...HE HAD A WONDERFUL IMAGINATION.
PITY HE HAD TO LOSE IT--ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE I TOOK FROM HIM!
OKAY...
YOU WANT OUTSIDE THE BOX?
I'LL GIVE YOU--NNNNNGGGNN--
--OUTSIDE THE BOX.
OH, ALMOST FORGOT...
SNIKT.

I REALLY THINK I COULD'VE SAVED HIM, Y'KNOW?
ALL I NEEDED WAS A CHANCE TO TALK TO HIM--
--THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH AND THE BEHEMOTH WITH THE...I DON'T KNOW, BREATHING APPARATUS?
BLAM
JUST ONE UGLY-FACE TO ANOTHER, FIGURING THINGS OUT!
BUT YOU @#$%&@ IT UP.

SO I'M REALLY GONNA ENJOY WATCHING YOU DIE.
AAAARRGH!
STAB
NOOO!
WE NEVER LIKED YOU, WILSON! YOU WERE ALWAYS OVERRATED! DEPARTMENT H HATED YOU!
MAYBE SO...
...BUT MILES DIDN'T.

PRETTY FANCY WITH THOSE CLAWS, KID!
WHERE'D YOU LEARN THAT?
FROM YOU, ALL RIGHT?
I LEARNED IT BY WATCHING YOU.
NOTHING?
REALLY?
MILES WOULD'VE THOUGHT IT WAS HILARIOUS!
UT...
STAB

BLOOD.
SO...
...MUCH...
...B-BLOOD.
TCH.
LIGHTWEIGHT.

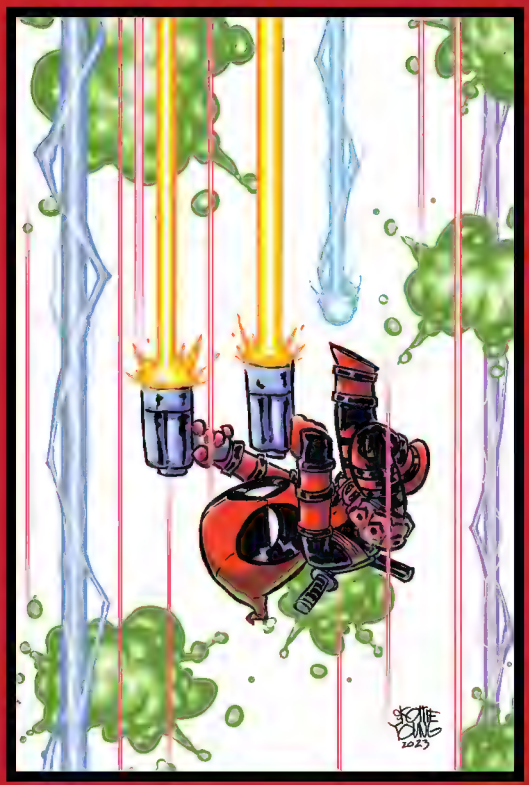
WHAT'S THE MATTER, WILSON? WHAT'RE YA DOIN'?
LISTENING.
HEAR THAT?
÷SIGH÷
YEAH... UNFORTUNATELY.
HERE THEY COME.
FWWOOOOSSS
I KNOW YOU GUYS WERE EXPECTING A LIFT BACK TO THE STATES--
--BUT FULL DISCLOSURE, THE RETURN FLIGHT WAS BOOKED IN ADVANCE BY VAN STRUTTEN.
AND AS MUCH AS I'D LOVE TO RENEGOTIATE OUR DEAL--DEAD, ALIVE, OR SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN--HE'S STILL THE BOSS!
BESIDES, KILLVILLE'S REALLY TAKEN A LIKING TO-- WHAT'RE YOU CALLING HIM, BABE?
THE MAN OF TWO SOULS?
"MAN OF TWO SOULS!" I LOVE IT!
SEE YOU SOON, BOYS!
UM, WAS THAT OUR RIDE?
YEAH.
÷SNIFF÷
÷SNIFF÷
I SMELL A TRILOGY!
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
OH, I JUST THOUGHT--
NO. THAT'S MY THING.
÷SNIFF÷
-FINIS-

#4 VARIANT BY ROB LIEFELD & JUAN MANUEL RODRIGUEZ

#5 VARIANT BY ROB LIEFELD & JUAN MANUEL RODRIGUEZ

#1 VARIANT BY DAN PANOSIAN

#1 VARIANT BY KAEL NGU



#1 VARIANT BY SKOTTIE YOUNG

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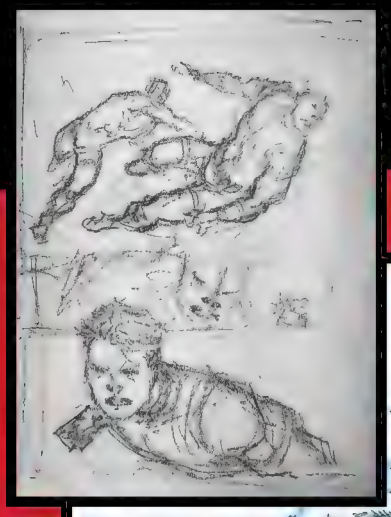

#4 PAGE 4 LAYOUT, PENCILS AND INKS BY **ROB LIEFELD**

#4 PAGE 5 LAYOUT AND PENCILS BY ROB LIEFELD

#5 PAGE 4 PENCILS BY ROB LIEFELD

#2 UNUSED PAGE BY ROB LIEFELD & JAY DAVID RAMOS

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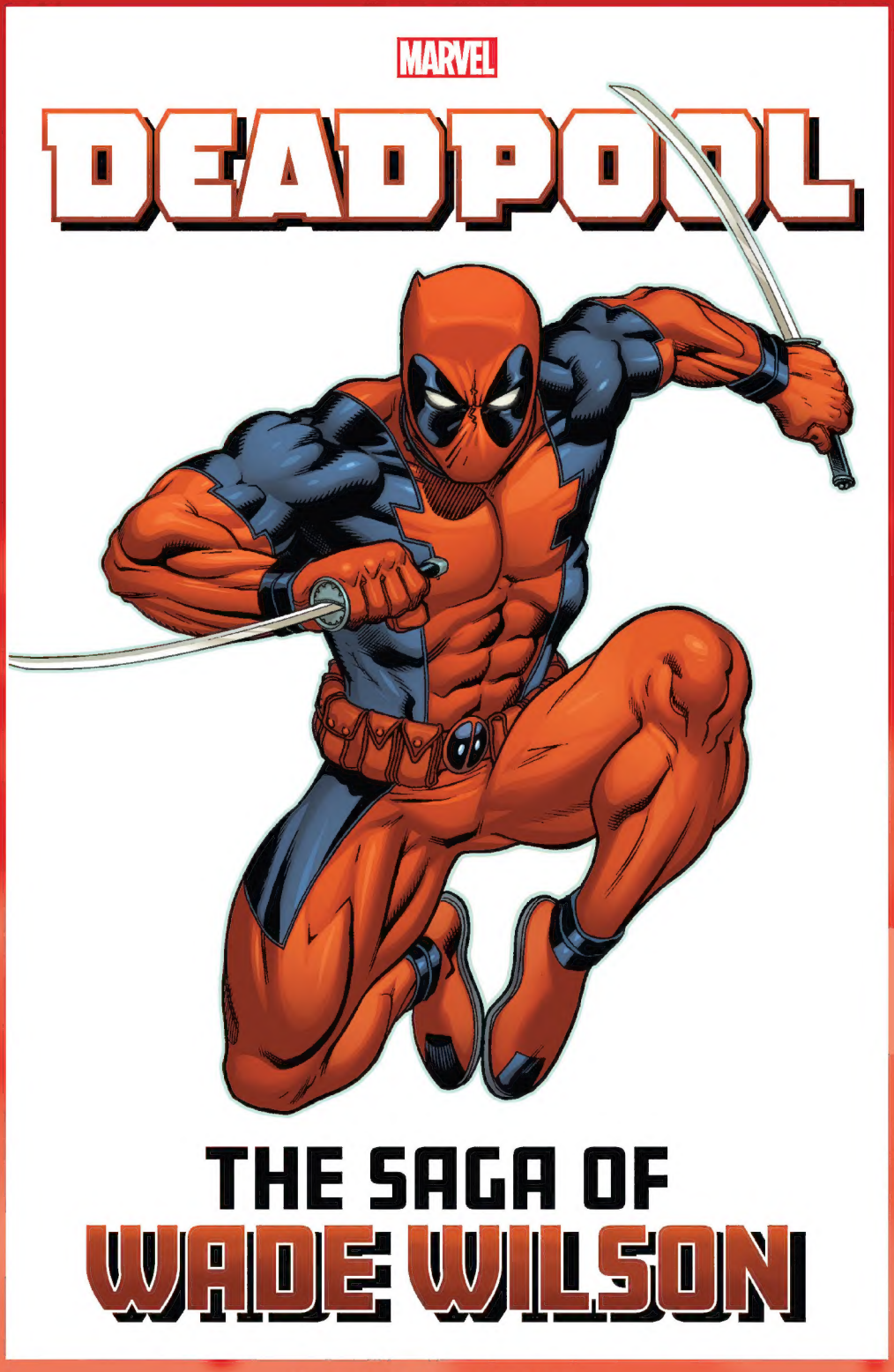

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